

# The Toike \*ike

The University of Toronto Engineering Society



## Soviets Down Canadian Gull

GUPI—Conflicting reports have surfaced from several sources, but there can be little doubt now as to what really happened in the airspace over Toronto. In an inexplicable act of cold, callous, deplorable, barbaric murder, it now appears that a Canadian seagull was blasted to atoms by a Soviet air-to-gull missile.

At approximately 1:00

P.M. Toronto time on September 6th, a foreign object was noted by the top-secret Toike Oike radar outfit, located in the Eng Soc office, in the basement of the Sandford Fleming Building, Room B670. Normally used to detect low flying fairies and erratic bi-planes sent on spying missions from enemy territory (i.e. Sid Smith), the radar unit picked up the

mysterious signal when Toike mascot, Eddie the Happy Rhesus-Monkey spilled a banana milkshake over the radar control panel. The radar unit, which had been out of order for several months apparently sputtered to life as the gooey liquid seeped into the control panel.

V.P. Activities, Bruce Christie, who happened to be in the room at the time, was

reported to have said, "Hot damn, sum-hitch is workin' again!" It was soon after this that the radar signal was detected, and recognized as that of a foreign plane, although Toike staph were reticent about revealing their methods to reporters. Evidently, a second plane was also in the vicinity, for the following conversation was picked up and taped just minutes before the fatal incident took place.

"Hey Sergei, you see dome yet?"

"Nyet Yuri, I only see...what they call...? The — Penis Tower."

"Nyet, nyet, this is called CN Tower."

"Whatever...filthy capitalist phallic symbol! Holy Kropotkin, what's that?"

"This is Robart's Building. Don't worry. Only library."

"Looks like spy station to me Yuri."

"Cut small talk Sergei, I think we have passed the dome. Let's circle back. Wait, I think I see it...let's see, S-A-C...S-U-X. That's it Sergei, that's it! She will be here any minute!"

"Who? Who? Martina Navratilova?"

"Nyet!! Godiva, you lunkhead!"

"You mean...the lady on the horse, Yuri? The one with no...no clothing?"

"Right on, comrade. Now he prepared! Is your spy camera loaded? We need all the pictures we can get, or

else Andropov will have our testicles in a nut-cracker if you get my point."

"Don't remind me Yuri. Just last month Chernenko...hey...what is this? All those yellow hats, the horse, I see a horse, could it be...?"

"It is ber! It is her! You go north and I go south and we get full picture then, okay Sergei? Sergei! Lets get to work! We have no time for...how is it said...friggin in rigging!"

"Okay, okay. It is just, well, I haven't seen real woman in such long time Yuri."

"Never mind that! Think of the State! We must have more evidence of capitalist decadence! Sergei, listen to me! Stop that! Your flight path...what are you doing? You fool!"

"I can't help it Yuri. If I crash, at least I die happy! And anyway, Andropov's collection of capitalist decadence is large enough."

"Sergei...you've launched a missile...you...you've hit a bird...damn!...you're going to crash...Aieee!! All is lost...If I return alone, they will shoot me...if I don't return, they will bring me back and shoot me. Oh well, I am loyal Soviet citizen. I go back to base and...report what happened...whimper..."

All signals were lost at this point, as the radar screen

## Skule G\*\*d Times

We interrupt this questionable humorous publication for a brief (horing) word from Bruce Christie, the V.P. Activities of the Engineering Society.

"Hi..."

"Thank you very much Bruce..."

"Wait, I wasn't finished."

"Oh Shit!!!"

"Anyways, where was I?...oh yeah. Hi there! I just thought I'd let you all know what's goin' on around here in the next couple of months, (in case your profs aren't giving you enough work.)

"First, its another Flrosh hard hat judging contest in the Sandford Fleming Pub with prizes generously donated by Lahatt's. This takes place Friday September 23, the same day as the "Dub the Puh" Contest winner is

announced. Prizes for that contest are also supplied by Labatt's and will be awarded by Dave Willson and Peter Watler, our soon-to-be-famous pub managers. By the way, Dave and Pete went out and got us a great stereo system for the puh over the summer, so cum on out and dance and party till ya drop.

"Speaking of Peter and his father...I mean friend, Alan "Dad" Kasperski, these two guys are running the highest event of the term (if not the last decade). They are running the Homecoming Party with musical guests, The Spoons and the CFNY Road Show at the Concert Hall (Yonge and Davenport). Tickets are available from the Engineering Stores, SAC, Erindale Info Desk and the Scarborough College Student Union. The

heer'll be cold, the music great, and the price is right so don't miss it!!

"The week after Homecoming, it's time for Oktoberfest. Eng. Soc. Social Committee Chairman Kevin Poody is planning a bell-of-a-good time when George Kash and the Oktoberfest Express (stars of "Strange Brew") invade Wetmore Hall on Saturday October 22 at 8:00 P.M. It's only one night this year and only 325 tickets will be sold so get them as soon as they come out. (Oktoberfest sold out last year so don't miss out this year.)

"On the afternoon before Oktoberfest, Kevin and Mike LeGresley will be holding the Nth Annual Eng Soc Car Rally. There will be lots of prizes, possibly presented at

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## LETTERS CLASSIFIED ADS

The Editor—Toike Oike  
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### TOIKESTAPH

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## NEXT ISSUE F!rosh Toike!

### Theme Toike

All F!rosh interested in working on the *Toike*, come to the next Make-up on Thursday, September 29. (Upperclasspersons welcome). Submissions may also be sent to the above address or left in the *Toike* mailbox in the Engineering Society offices. Please double space articles and include your name and telephone number.

### EDITORIAL

Late last school year, a momentous decision was made by the newly elected Eng Soc class reps. On that fateful day, the editor of the Engineering journalistic flagship, the *Toike Oike*, was selected from hundreds of candidates. This honour, affectionately known among upperclassmen as "the kiss of death" because of the tendency of past editors to opt for the five year B.A.Sc. program, has been bestowed this time upon a particularly suitable person. This individual, who will remain nameless for obvious reasons of life and limb, was chosen on the basis of his personality alone. You see, the demands upon the editor of the *Toike* have become so conflicting that, in a demonstration of typical engineering ingenuity, the Eng Soc decided to fill the position with the one candidate who possessed the necessary psychological qualifications...a schizophrenic. For those of you unfamiliar with the term *schizophrenia*, it is defined as "a mental disorder marked by loss of contact with reality, personality disintegration, and often hallucination" — in short, a split personality. The following is the first editorial message from this unique person.

~ ~

One should never underestimate the power of the printed word. There is something about the application of ink on paper that can turn a passing thought into a powerful statement. It is for this reason that we must consider carefully what we as Engineers print in our most widely read publication.

The *Toike*, because it does not hide behind the pretense of serious journalism, appears as an open letter from the students of this faculty to the rest of the world. The *Toike* is a diary of engineering life, a permanent record of the glorious struggles and good times encountered by U of T Skulemen. In general, are we a racist group? Are we a sexist group? I think not. We do, however, possess an undeniably creative sense of humour that is unique on this campus. Nothing is sacred to a Skuleman's wit, especially not his own existence.

Undoubtedly there will be those among the student body who will be critical of the editorial judgement, or lack thereof, displayed in this and forthcoming issues of the *Toike*. A paper is only as good as the material submitted. Creative criticism and innovative contributions will always be welcome, however the final decision as to the content of the *Toike* inevitably rests with the editor and his interpretation of Skule popular opinion.

But write whatever the fuck you want, I might just change my mind.

— D.M.

GULL continued from page 1

went blank, and the audio went dead (and Eddie pulled the plug out of the wall.) Fearing the worst, Toike staph instigated a search in the approximate vicinity of the last radar blips. Sure enough, in left field of Exhibition Stadium what appeared to be missile shrapnel was found amidst traces of what had once been a seagull. The Tidy Troll was immediately summoned to clean up the mess, and Alfredo Griffin was overheard saying, "Mabn, that's one dead bird!"

"Meanwhile, the astonished F!rosh, who had witnessed much of the bizarre event overhead, could not be placated by such explanations as "Don't worry, it's just part of the air show." The unrest on the part of the usually clued-out F!rosh, was largely due to the astute observation of one slimy, bespectacled Eng Sci F!rosh, who sagely pointed out, "But Sir, the air show was over yesterday."

The Eng Sci was last seen milking Godiva's stallion.

Yesterday, Canadian authorities notified the Kremlin that a formal explanation and full apology were expected, otherwise certain sanctions would be taken against the Soviets. As one Canadian Ambassador put it, "Ya don't knock off our birds with impunity."

The official Soviet replies have run in approximately the order given below: 1) We have no pilots named Yuri and Sergei. 2) Actually, we do have a Yuri Urin, but no Sergei. 3) We did have pilots named Yuri and Sergei, but Sergei did not return from his last flight, and Yuri is banging by his toenails in a vat of caviar, as punishment for...improper actions. 4) Yes, we have no bananas. 5) We never got out of our own headspace...I mean airspace. 6) Sometimes we got out of our airspace, but never to take pictures of Lady Godiva. 7) We have never heard of Lady Godiva, and she was

probably spying on our planes anyway. 8) Russians don't jerk off in planes. 9) Okay, it happened but don't tell anyone. 10) We're sorry about the bird, but it's all Ronald Reagan's fault.

The last response came only after Canadian officials shipped a 747 jet full of seagulls to Moscow. The gulls were loosed, and promptly covered the Kremlin and most of Red Square in a layer of capitalist decadence.

When asked to comment, Pierre Trudeau said, "Well, uhbbhh, I really think this is, uhbbhh, out of our hands now. It's now strictly a matter between Mr. Andropov and, uhbb, Jonathan Livingston."

Maggie T. was also asked to comment, but could only say, "Really? What's the big deal? Pierre's bird has been dead for the last five years, and I haven't seen that in the papers."

Memorial services for the departed seagull will be held in Convocation Hall on September 31st at midnight.

# DJ'S

## presents...

**...chicken and rib dinners**

*buy one entree and receive the second identical entree at half price*  
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### DONORS WANTED

Semen will be used for artificial insemination for couples who cannot have children due to male infertility. Men of all backgrounds are needed and in particular of Elec, Mech, Chem, Civ, Geo backgrounds. Donors will be screened, and if accepted, will be paid for their involvement.

**DR. M. KROTCH — 555-0112**

### The Skule Calendar

... now incorporating the Engineering Handbook ...

**ONSALE NOW**  
at the incredibly low price of

**75¢**

at the Engineering Stores



### The Engineer's Guide to Hanging the Skule Calendar

## How To Be Well Hung

For the Nth year now, the Communications Committee of the Engineering Society has produced the **Skule Calendar**. It is on sale for the unbelievable price of 75 cents at the Stores. This year's edition incorporates the Skule Handbook so that Floosh do not have to deal with the complicated task of using two separate publications.

In the past, engineers, being of the briefcase carrying variety, have desired a Skule calendar that could easily be kept in a briefcase. This is precisely what has been done. Nevertheless, many upperclassmen, being creatures of habit, have insisted upon the traditional wall calendar. In an attempt to satisfy both of these groups, a hole was punched in the hook so that it could be mounted on the wall. Unfortunately, the people who did the printing and binding, being unable to follow even the most simple instructions, put this hole in the wrong place. The correct design called for a single perforation through the upper right hand corner of the hook so that two thumb tacks would hold it open. Anyone who has tried to use the existing holes knows that they do not provide a practical solution. Once again, our abilities as engineers must be called upon

to correct the mistakes of others. The Toike proudly presents the following guide to hanging the calendar using items readily available to most engineers.

**Material needed:** paperclips, thumbtack, paper, pencil, calculator, triple beam balance.

#### Procedure:

Unbend the paperclip to form an isosceles triangle. The clip must then be fed through the punched holes as shown in diagram 1 in such a way that

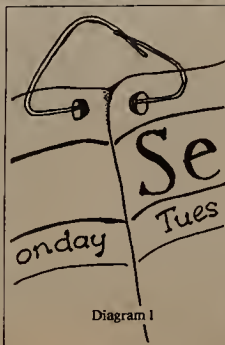


Diagram 1

the pages of the hook are forced back. This forces the hook to remain open.

Any good engineer will realize that, since the calendar itself is towards the front of

the hook, a greater weight resides on the right hand side of the book when it is hanging. Naturally, without a special procedure it will not bang straight. This is where the remaining materials are to be used. The triple beam balance is to be used to determine the mass of the hook. Using a) the ratio of the number of pages on the left hand side to the number of pages on the right, b) the mass of the book, c) the calculator, pencil and paper, and d) formulas from no more than 3 of your first year courses, determine the optimal angles of the paperclip triangle so that the centre of the mass is sufficiently shifted to make the calendar bang straight. Of course the mass of the clip may be neglected.

If anyone succeeds in getting the above method to work sufficiently, please drop us a note — we couldn't. But then we've got more important stuff to do, like write trivial articles for a newspaper, for example. For those entrepreuneering engineers, develop your own method and drop us a note in the Toike mailbox. We will present a selection of the best entrees in the next issue. In the meantime, why don't you just keep the calendar in your briefcase, like we do?





# ORIENTATION

## A Message From Da Chief

For anyone who still doesn't know, the BFC stands for the Brute Force Committee, a totally fictitious, non-existent organization. Throughout Orientation Week we were involved in many activities including F!rosh heating on first day, teaching F!rosh various songs and cheers, supervising the Scavenger Hunt, demolishing a Vic "no talent" contest, and showering with many a nurse at Devo.

The F!rosh caper went off on the Wednesday night of Orientation Week. The F!rosh

led by the BFC and aided by a trombone from the Bnad, converged on the SAC building in the late hours of the evening. After the ruckus had died down and the smoke had cleared the SAC dome was left bright yellow with a branding of "F!rosh 8T7".

On another topic, some of the hoys from Mario's Plumbing (believed to be a subsidiary of Mario's Bakery in Newark, New Jersey) wished the retiring President Ham a fond farewell at a retirement party. This party took place in the late hours of the evening however President Ham was unable to attend until the following morning. The celebration included the consumption of many beers, the ceremonial switching of the President's chair with a toilet bowl, stringing numerous rolls of toilet paper around the room and the presentation of a retirement banner proclaiming "Farewell to a Good Shit". Needless to say, a good time was had by all who attended.

The BFC will be working pubs in the Sandford Fleming Building every Friday as well

as pubs in Wetmore Hall on October 22 and November 26. We have also been recruited by a flock of nurses to work a grad pub at Wilson Hall on September 23. See the sign-up lists in the Eng Soc Offices (SF B670) if you are interested.

We are still taking F!rosh recruits as well as upperclassmen (women too). Leave your name and phone number in our mailbox (again in SF B670). If you gave us your name last year and didn't get involved but still want to, give us your name again. You may receive an anonymous phone call in the middle of the night telling you when and where to meet in order to strike terror into the hearts of those who attend U of T.

As for the F!rosh who threw me into the pond, I know who you are and where you live (a price must be paid!).

Dave  
Da Chief

Remember: The BFC does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist.



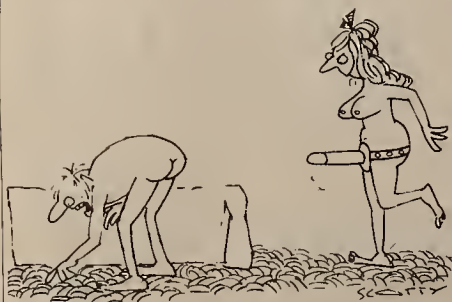
## Civs Tops With Bed

As the traffic jam cleared, the Civil Engineering turbo-bed emerged triumphant in the 1983 Skule Bed Race held on University Avenue on September 9. In true gladiatorial fashion, the Civs battled challenges from the gun-toting 52 Division Metro Police, the steroid assisted Nursing staffs from Toronto General and Sick Children's hospital, rehah meds, as well as entries from the majority of engineering disciplines. Due to the number of entrants in this always popular event, the race was run in two heats with a final deciding free-for-all between the fastest beds, a variety of vehicles, loosely

labelled beds, were entered in the race among which were a Vega powered mattress (4 cyl, 4 spd, p/s, p/b, air) by Geo Eng and an atomic piece of wood by Eng Sci. The celebrity participant, Eng Soc President Ron (Gerald Ford) McKenzie, contributed enormously to the surprise second place finish of the Elec Eng bed in the first heat. Mr. McKenzie managed to remain on his feet for 20 meters before taking a spectacular tumble and leaving a portion of his left knee as a permanent monument to the spirit of engineering at U of T.

The after race procession, led by the BNAD, converged

on City Hall assembling amidst the startled lunch-time crowd in Nathan Philip's Square. A brief musical interlude performed by the BNAD in conjunction with the Hare Krishna Singers was followed by a rousing Sbinerama pep-talk. The embarrassment of the over-confident 52 Division was completed as Skulemen tossed the Metro's heated bed into the fountain pool at the south end of the square. In the final analysis, even the police were forced to admit the perfection of that unbeatable combination, a Skuleman and his bed.



"What a waste of time looking for your stupid contact lens!"

## Engineering Careers Night

Representatives from industry to discuss ways of tailoring yourself to the job market.

Tuesday, September 27

4 p.m.





# ON WEEK 1983



## Skule Shines

On the corner, a solitary hard-hatted figure stands, silently surveying the faces of the approaching crowd. Alone amidst the throng, the engineer shamelessly solicits the passersby. Occasionally he falls to his knees, dehousing himself for all to see. What could possibly force this

proud engineer to degrade himself in such a manner? Have the powers that he pulled his scholarship out from under him? Is the deadline for the next installment of his fees payment approaching? None of the above. On his knees this engineer and dozens of others

like him, grapple with a tragic disease, Cystic Fibrosis.

Assorted Bnad types joined 98 "Shiners" on Saturday September 10 to help raise money for Cystic Fibrosis research. WHERE WERE YOU? The Shiners included 79 engineers (only 27 of whom were Frosh), 11 nurses and (heaven forbid) 4 artsmen. For the Eng Sci's who've been keeping track with their calculators and realize that this doesn't add up to 98 yet, there were also 4 Shiners who didn't know where they were from.

Practically all of those people would do it all again. Why you ask? Because they all had a good time, or at least found the experience worthwhile. Again we ask, "WHERE WERE YOU?"

Proceeds from the day's shining exceeded \$4,000. The total U of T campaign results are expected to top \$7,000.

Thanks go to the Bnad, the heroic Shiners, those who attended the Shinerama pub (and comedy crucifixion) and especially the tireless Shinerama Committee. A job well done! Be there next time!



Call for 'Labatt's Blue'





# The Shaggy T.A.

# Part 1

Horst Genscher stared stupidly at his Erlenmeyer flask. Having assimilated the fact that the lab was over and demo group 64 had gone home more than half an hour ago, Horst was pleased.

Today's class had gone smoothly. He had chewed out two students for breathing too often, and brilliantly deflected numerous questions with his now classic "Well, what do you think?"

As he left LM117, Horst picked up his copy of Slemom's *Keep Your Ineptitude a Secret* and shouted an enthusiastic "good night" to whoever was still in the prep room. No one

was still in the prep room.

Walking up St. George, Horst self-consciously straightened his lab coat. It was considerably dirtier and yellower than last summer when Horst had had it surgically implanted. He hoped he hadn't spilled any bromocresol green on it from the day's lab; Horst had a date with Tammy, a computer science T.A., and Tammy didn't like green.

The Sidney Smith cafeteria was packed as Horst sauntered in. As usual his reservation had been ignored and the only table Tammy had been able to find was on the balcony.

"Hi Tammy," Horst said

cheerfully as they shook hands, "Have a good day?"

"Usual. I woke up at 6:33 and got out of bed by putting my left foot on the floor, and transferring my centre of mass to the left side of my body. Then I leaned forward and.....

Horst wondered why he had ever liked Tammy, just as he had done every day for the last five years. She wasn't beautiful: she was shaped somewhat like a graduated cylinder, topped with a two-holed rubber stopper. Her shockingly non-descript face and constant B flat minor voice had induced dozens of first year CompSci students into fifty minute comas.

Horst excused himself to buy a raisin toto. Tammy, who was carefully describing the bristles on her tooth brush, nodded and continued her account.

When Horst returned to the balcony, Tammy somewhat excitedly told him that she had given four students -22 out of 30 on the CSC 158 midterm and, so far, no one had noticed. Horst, who was now busily picking out the raisins in his toto (he detested raisin) congratulated her.

"Keep it up and you'll be given a lifetime teaching assistant contract. That's what happened to the guy who burned down Sandford Fleming."

At this time the cafeteria patrons began barricading the balcony door.

"Hey Tammy" cooed Horst suggestively.

"Who, me?"

"Wanna go to the lab and make out?"

"I don't know, Horst. It always gives me a headache."

"Come on." Horst got up

and left his customary 15% tip on the table. As usual Tammy picked up the coins and drawled, "Hey look Horst, someone left their money here."

On the way back to Lash Miller, Horst collided with the Arch's Tastee Treats mobile. "Hey, watch where you're going!" he yelled at the parked vehicle.

"Are you hurt?" whined Tammy, truly concerned. She was about to point out that the truck was standing still, but in the excitement of the moment, forgot.

"No, I'm just mad. Why didn't I see him coming? Why?" Horst wondered, just as he always did after his nightly near-hit experience with the truck.

The lab was dark and deserted when the despicable duo came in. Tammy let out a blood-curdling scream. "My God, Horst, isn't that....." (to be continued in the next issue)

## The Engineering Stores

T-shirts ..... \$5  
Notebooks ..... \$1.40  
White pads ..... 93¢  
Yellow pads ..... 47¢  
Golf Shirts, mens and womens \$13.55  
Pens, pencils, batteries ..... cheap  
Mechanical pencils ..... \$1.25-\$6.50



Skule Calendars 75¢

Schooling Supplies at Great Savings

*In the basement of the Sandford Fleming Building, across from the cafeteria.*

# Impure Mathematics

Once upon a time (1/T) pretty little Polly Nomial was strolling across a field of vectors when she came to the edge of a singularly large matrix.

Now Polly was convergent and her mother made it an absolute condition that she must never enter an array without her brackets on. Polly however, who had changed her variables that morning and was feeling particularly badly behaved, ignored this condition on the grounds that it was insufficient and made her way amongst the complex elements.

Rows and columns enveloped her on all sides. Tangents approached her surface. She became tensor and tensor. Quite suddenly, three branches of a hyperbola

touched her at a single point. She oscillated violently, lost all sense of directrix and went completely divergent. As she reached a turning point she tripped over a square root which was protruding from the erf and plunged headlong down a steep gradient. When she was differentiated once more she found herself, apparently alone, in a non euclidean space.

She was being watched however. That smooth operator, Curly Pi, was lurking inner product. As his eyes devoured her curvilinear coordinates, a singular expression crossed his face. Was she still convergent, he wondered. He decided to integrate improperly at once.

Hearing a vulgar fraction behind her, Polly turned

around and saw Curly Pi approaching with his power series extrapolated. She could see at once, by his degenerate comic and his dissipative terms that he was bent on no good.

"Eureka", she gasped. "Ho, ho", he said, "What a symmetric little polynomial you are. I can see you're bubbling over with secs."

"O, sir", she protested, "Keep away from me. I haven't my brackets on!"

"Calm yourself my dear", said our suave operator, "your fears are purely imaginary!"

"I, I, she thought, perhaps he's homogeneous then.

"What order are you?", the brute demanded.

"Seventeen", replied Polly.

Curly leared, "I suppose you've never been operated

on yet?" he asked.

"Of course not", Polly cried indignantly, "I'm absolutely convergent!"

"Come, come," said Curly, "let's off to a decimal place I know and I'll take you to the limit."

"Never!", gasped Polly.

"Excell", he swore, using the vilest oath that he knew. His patience was gone. Coshing her over the coefficient with a log until she was powerless, Curly removed her discontinuities. He started at her significant places and began smoothing her points of inflexion. Poor Polly. All was up. She felt his hand tending her asymptotic limit. Her convergence would soon be gone forever!

There was no mercy, for Curly was a heavyside

Carling O'Keefe will be supplying prizes. Start organizing your class team now!

"Also coming is the trip to Buffalo to watch fires at Main and Filmore and then party at Uncle Sam's 'til it closes. We'll be renting good buses (i.e. with washrooms) so leave your buckets at home. More info will be coming soon for this event."

"That about wraps things up for now, and I return you to your regularly scheduled smut."



\$5000 TO MATE WITH APE

GOOD TIMES  
continued from page 1

the Oktoberfest pub that evening so sign up as soon as you see posters.

"Other events to look forward to this term are the great Miller Basketball Tournament, pitting engineering classes against each other. Games will be held at Fort Jock and/or Hart House with a pub at Wetmore Hall to follow. It all happens on Saturday November 26 and

operator. He integrated by parts! He integrated by partial fractions! The complex beast even went all the way around and did a contour integration! Curly went on operating until he was absolutely and completely orthogonal.

When Polly got bome that evening, her mother noticed that she had been truncated in several places. But it was too late to differentiate now.

As the months went by, Polly increased monotonically. Finally she generated a small but pathological function which left surds all over the place until she was driven to distraction.

The moral of this story is: "If you want to keep your expression convergent, never allow them a single degree of freedom!"



# The Clog Report: Xenotherapy

**CLOG:** Hello. This is Dan Clog at the New Jersey Institute of Xenotherapy. I am here with Dr. R.J. Whitthorpe, Director of Random Activities, in the eastern wing of the Institute. Doctor Whitthorpe has only today discovered the reason why so many extraterrestrials commit suicide by smothering and drowning themselves in their own vomit. Doctor, what exactly causes this extraordinary phenomenon?

**R.J.W.:** We have found that these suicides take place only after extended exposure to human beings.

**CLOG:** Then why, may I ask, are you keeping them locked up on a planet filled with human beings?

**R.J.W.:** Ohh, that has a very simple answer! The fact is that...where did you get those shoes?

**CLOG:** What?

**R.J.W.:** WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE SHOES!?

**CLOG:** I...at Sears, I believe.

**R.J.W.:** THEY'RE VERY NICE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THEY ARE VERY NICE!

**CLOG:** Uh...thank you.

**R.J.W.:** Do you pee in them often?

**CLOG:** Wha—? Oh! Not again! SHUT THAT CAMERA OFF! PLEASE!

(Cameraman zooms in on Clog's DRY shoes)

**R.J.W.:** I pee in mine twice a week. It's good for the—

**CLOG:** SHUT UP! And will you PLEASE turn that BLOODY camera OFF!

(SLAM! The REAL Doctor Whitthorpe plus two guards dressing in white with embroidered patches depicting a green multi-armed creature caught by a very large "butterfly net" on their lapels. Whitthorpe is trailing loose rope strands by the wrists and ankles.)

**R.J.W.(real):** That's it! The party's over!...I really am sorry, Mr. Clog: This is a shape-shifter who tends to "horror other people's per-

sonalities — like a human with a "multiple identity". One of our more exotic cases.

**CLOG:** EXOTIC! I've been running into them all day! I decided on tour of the complex before our interview, and so far I've been locked in a padded cell, put in cryogenic suspension, revived (it's like having shock therapy with your face covered in hubble gum), given numerous drugs — the effects of which have now worn off save for the fact that when I got out of bed this morning my eyes were BLUE, not ORANGE!—

**R.J.W.(real):** Yes...I'm afraid these cases do seem to enjoy impersonating hospital personnel...

(RdJW(false) stands up, walks over to corner of room, picks up a chair identical to the one he was sitting on, places it beside its twin chair, then stands in the corner. He shimmers and becomes shape of the chair. Nobody notices. Except the cameraman.)

**CLOG** (looks around room): Oh no.

**R.J.W.:** What is it?...Oh no.

**GUARD #1:** It's okay. Guard #2, you take that chair and I'll take the one beside it.

**GUARD #2:** OK, Guard #1.

(Guards numbers 1&2 pick up the two real chairs and walk towards the door.)

**R.J.W.:** Put both chairs in cell A-15.

(Guards exit, neither chair attempts to escape.)

(RdJW & Clog look at cameraman who is rolling on floor in uncontrollable laughter.)

**CLOG:** HELL! He left the camera going the whole...GET UP!

(Cameraman sobers up with difficulty.)

**R.J.W.:** Don't tell me this is—?

**CLOG:** YES! IT'S LIVE! CUT TO A COMMERCIAL!

.. ..

**SPIDER MONKEY:** Mother Nature, why do you put so much bloody sugar in your fruit cocktail?

**RABBIT #1:** Whadd'ya expect from someone who talks to animals?

**MOTHER NATURE:** I —?

**RABBIT #2:** It's obviously a sign of an extreme persecution complex, combined with acute paranoia.

**M.N.:** Wha —?

**RABBIT #2:** It is probably rooted in your own childhood experiences. Rejection by other children. Sibling rivalry...

**SPIDER MONKEY:** Putting too much sugar in your fruit cocktail...

**M.N.:** Listen! That's quite enough!

**RABBIT #2:** It all adds up, you know. The isolation...the depression...sliding down one too many bannisters...

**M.N.:** STOP THIS!

**RABBIT #1:** Don't think we don't know what you do when you think you're alone in the woods...

**RABBIT #2:** The looped lightning bolts made us suspicious. You really ought to control your orgasms.

**M.N. (outraged):** STOP IT! STOP IT RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

**RABBIT #1:** Givin' orders now are ya?

**RABBIT #2:** Inevitable. A classic case of —

(M.N. picks up a double-edged cucumber.)

**M.N. (to rabbit #2):** You're going to pay for this, William.

**RABBIT #2 (WILLIAM):** Here we go...didn't I say "Don't have the sex-change"? But —

(M.N. slashes at William and severs his right ear.)

**WILLIAM:** WHY, YOU MEGALOMANIAC BITCH WITH SEVERE INDICATIONS OF PENIS EN-VY!

(M.N. slashes again and misses, but kills a can of salt-free pears.)

**WILLIAM:** Now let's see what you're really made of, you transsexual, parasol-carrying, make-up smudger!

(William gnashes his teeth and leaps for her neck)

(M.N. strikes him down with lightning and burns him to a crisp)

**WILLIAM:** Power corrupts, absolute p—

(M.N. crushes William's skull with her left foot)

.. ..

**CLOG:** We are now back at the New Jersey Institute of Xenotherapy, and I have with me the REAL Doctor R.J. Whitthorpe. Doctor, why do these aliens commit suicide in such an extraordinary manner?

**R.J.W.:** Well, few people realize that human beings are the only intelligent species which have a "forward" digestive system.

**CLOG:** I'm not sure I understand. Do you mean that all aliens have, in relation to us, a "backward" digestive system?

**R.J.W.:** Precisely.

**CLOG:** So, they stuff food up their...uh...yes. And they excrete it through their mouths?

**R.J.W.:** Quite so. Now that this is established, I may now say that these "suicides" of which you speak are, in fact, very extreme cases of diarrhea. And the "victims" are simply those who were unfortunate enough to have the "runs" while sealed in phone booths, taxi cabs, and so on.

(A "chair" from the corner of the room pounces on Clog & Whitthorpe and starts to spew foam padding in all directions.)

**R.J.W.:** Unggh! Mmph!

**CLOG:** COMMERCIAL! QUICK! Gmmph...

WELCOME  
to Miller Time



Engineering Society  
Annual General Meeting  
Wed. Sept. 28

Check Eng. Soc. for location

All engineering undergraduates  
have a vote and are invited  
to attend.



# TOIKEOIKE JOIKES

"Next," yells the manager of the patent office to the line-up of people outside his door. A confident-looking young man walks in, sits himself down, and begins to explain how he is about to become a millionaire.

"This apple will make me rich," he proclaims, passing the apple to the man behind the desk. "Take a hite!"

The Manager bites into the apple, only to find that it tastes exactly like an orange. "Not had so far," says the Manager, "But is that it?"

"No, now turn it over."

The Manager then obediently turns the apple over and takes another hite. "Wow! This tastes like a peach!"

"So am I going to be rich?", the eager applicant asks.

"Sorry, but I'm afraid we've already had an applicant with an apple that tops even yours!," the Manager then opens his drawer and shows the applicant a second apple. "This apple tastes just like pussy!"

"Gimme that," the applicant yells, lunging toward the apple, grabbing it from the manager's hand, and taking a bite. "Yeeeeeuck! This tastes like shit," the applicant sneers. The laughing Manager offers,

"Turn it over."

..

The Homecoming Committee of the Engineering Society

The Student Administrative Council,

the Department of Athletics and Recreation & the U of T. Alumni Association

present,

## HOMEcoming 83

Saturday October 15th

with

Spoons



Concert Hall  
888 Yonge (at Davenport)  
7pm-1am.

Tickets available at:  
Engineering Stores  
S.A.C.  
Erindale Info Desk  
Scarborough Student Union

NOW ON SALE

and Special Guests

cfnyfm  
Video Road Show  
the spirit of radio

"Held under the authority of a special occasion permit."



Tickets:

\$10 in advance, \$12 at the door

a RULE 3  
presentation

ar-ma-dil-lo | ar-ma-dil-(.)ō | n, pl armadillos  
[Sp. fr. dim. of *armado* armed one, fr. L. *armatus*]:  
any of several burrowing chiefly nocturnal edentate  
mammals (family Dasypodidae) of warm parts of the  
Americas having body and head encased in an armor  
of small bony plates in which many of them can curl  
up into a ball when attacked

(a Synonym for a popular Canadian beer.)



Bruce the Farmer called up his pal Doug the unemployed electrical technologist from Ryerson and asked him to drop into his farm to help solve a major problem. It seems that none of Bruce's 10,000 chickens were laying eggs and Bruce was losing a lot of money. After a quick check of Bruce's barn, Doug

perceptively pointed out that Bruce had no rooster.

"I know just what to do. Run down to Gehert's Electronics and Poultry Farm (right next to Bender's Bicycle Emporium and Lucci's Shoe Parlour). He's got a rooster there called Booster, and with him, you'll be rich in a week!"

So Bruce went down to

Gerbert's and bought Booster, and then set Booster loose in his barn. Well, Booster just lined up those 10,000 chickens and fucked 'em all, then lined them up again, and fucked 'em all again. Bruce just shook his head, saying "Booster, you're gonna fuck yourself to death." But Booster just kept lining up those chickens and fucking them some more. Meanwhile, Bruce was steadily becoming rich with more eggs than he knew what to do with. One day, Booster got out of the barn and went on a rampage with all of Bruce's other farm animals. Booster fucked all the cows and the sheep and the horses and the dogs — in fact, he fucked anything in sight with a pulse. Bruce just kept shaking his head saying, "Booster you're gonna fuck yourself to death," but Booster just kept fucking.

Finally, one day, the farm was suddenly very quiet. Disturbed, Bruce went walking through the barn, but Booster was nowhere to be seen. Eventually he found Booster, out in the middle of a field, eyes closed, legs straight up in the air, a cloud of vultures flying in ominous circles above him.

"So you finally did it, eh Booster? You've finally gone and fucked yourself to death," Bruce said. Slowly Booster half opened one eye and whispered, "Shut up you fool, they're about to land!"

..

An Brindale stud suspected his girlfriend of infidelity and began to follow her movements. Sure enough, his suspicions were justified. Arriving at her apartment, he burst into the bedroom, catching his girlfriend and her Frosh engineer lover in the act. Crazy with grief, he put the pistol to his own head.

"Don't laugh!" he shouted when his girlfriend burst out in giggles, "You're next."

A group of U of T scientists discovered an apelike creature in the wilds which they were certain was the "Missing Link". The proof of their theory though, required that a human mate with the ape in order to see what characteristics the progeny would take on so they put an ad in the Varsity "\$5,000 to Mate with Ape".

The next morning a psychology major (anthropology minor) called in response to the ad saying that he'd be willing to take part in the experiment. "But" he said, "I have three conditions."

The scientists agreed to hear him out.

"First: My wife must never know."

"Second: The children must be raised in the suburbs."

"Third: If I can pay in installments, I'm definitely interested."

..

This jock walks into a bar with a beautiful parrot on his shoulder.

"Wow!" says the bartender. "That is really something. Where'd you get it?"

"Fort Jock", says the parrot.

..

An artsman knew he had it made when the old brass hot-tle he found in the backyard turned out to have a genie in it. Any three wishes he had would be granted, the genie informed him.

"I wanna be rich!" squealed the artsie. "I wanna be an engineer!" And there he stood, hard-hatted and proud.

"Thirdly, I never want to work another day in my life."

Suddenly, he was an artsman again.